

More Than You Can Chew

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/4386182) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/4386182>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	F/F
Fandom:	Kill la Kill
Relationship:	Kiryuuin Satsuki/Matoi Ryuuko
Characters:	Kiryuuin Satsuki , Matoi Ryuuko
Additional Tags:	Explicit Language , Explicit Sexual Content , Light BDSM , Foot Fetish , foot stuff
Language:	English
Series:	Part 4 of A Handful of Terrible AUs
Stats:	Published: 2015-07-20 Words: 3,150 Chapters: 1/1

More Than You Can Chew

by [Asharyn](#)

Summary

An addition to "The Friend Of My Friends..."-au. AKA porno-au.

Ryuko asks Satsuki to do something that most people would ask Satsuki to do if given the opportunity.

“So... I may have another request.”

“Is this really the time?” the answer to Satsuki’s question was an obvious ‘no’ but Ryuko seemed bound and determined to continue talking. Room full of important business partners be damned.

“Well, no-”

“Then?” Satsuki spat the word under her breath, turning to conceal the muted look of rage on her face so only Ryuko could see it.

“But like, these business parties you’ve been dragging me to lately are as boring as being dead-”

“-I could fix that for you if you would so enjoy-”

“-and I was thinking I could liven it up, if only between us.”

An audible groan nearly left Satsuki’s throat.

“Why do you even bring me to these things anyways?” she’d been about to respond to Ryuko’s question when a middle aged man approached them. As if it were second nature she reached out to Ryuko, wrapped her arm around her waist, and kept it there even as she spoke with him. Once he left, she let the facade drop from her face and turned back to Ryuko with a look of indifference.

“I bring you to these things because I would rather them think we are together than them assume Sanageyama and I are still an item.”

“Oh?” Ryuko responded. Leaning slightly forward and onto her toes so that she was swayed close to Satsuki. So close, in fact, she could feel Ryuko’s breath on her chin every time she exhaled. “Then if we’re supposed to look like a couple it should be alright for us to do a little flirting, yea?”

There was a flit of something toxic in Ryuko’s eyes before Satsuki managed to respond. The breath she had meant to use for speaking getting caught in her throat at the sultry way Ryuko had angled her azure gaze up through dark lashes. “It is still a rather contradictory subject.”

“Whatever. You gonna listen to my request or what?”

“Hmm...” Satsuki looked up at the ceiling, faux pondering as she sipped at the champagne-filled flute in her hand. “What do I get in return?”

“Oh c’mon. You didn’t ask for anything last time.”

“Last time I was somewhat dazed.” It took them both a long moment to recollect themselves from a sudden shared daydream. One of a particular white leather couch and abrupt turn of events.

“Okay, fine. Whatever you want then.” The look of sheer terror that crossed Ryuko’s face was enough to warn Satsuki that she’d let a particularly menacing glint form in her eyes. One that told Ryuko she had let the wrong words slip from her mouth.

“Whatever I want?”

“Erh...” Ryuko’s gaze flicked from place to place, never truly settling on anything and especially not on Satsuki. “I-I suppose.”

“Hm.” it was a prompt, satisfied hum. “Then proceed, Matoi.”

“So like-” and at that point a finely dressed woman interrupted their conversation. Something that Satsuki had to refrain from rolling her eyes at since Ryuko’s request had become a far more interesting topic than social conversation.

Once the woman left, Satsuki took Ryuko by the hand and started dragging her off towards a set of French doors. Only releasing her once they were standing at the railing of a balcony overlooking the light-speckled cityscape below them.

“So like,” Ryuko started. Setting her own champagne flute down on the railing. “I want you to step on me.”

A soft sigh of disgust was Satsuki’s initial response. “Why do people continue to ask me to do that?”

“Well, I’m sure it has to do wit- wait, others have asked? Sanageyama?” she questioned. Not seeming overly surprised at the new fact and yet her eyebrows were screwed together over the sharp angle of her eyes.

“Yes. And a few others.”

“Did... did you do it?” there were a few uncoordinated pricks and prods of Ryuko’s index finger in the air as she attempted to emphasize the question.

“No.” Satsuki answered. Continuing to watch Ryuko curiously even as she began to piece some subtle and not-so-subtle pieces together.

“Oh.” she looked over Satsuki’s shoulder. Nodding as if in understanding before coming to a realization that stuck all over her face. “So, wait, does that mean you’re going to say no to me too?”

“Mmmm...” and again Satsuki pointedly sipped at her drink, “I think this time I would prefer to say yes.”

The grin that broke apart Ryuko’s face was what Satsuki had been hoping to achieve since the beginning of the conversation. Reveling in it, as she constantly did, for all its haphazard and misshapen points and curves. A reminder that Ryuko could piece herself back together in a way that left not only Satsuki, but often times an entire room, speechless at her utter beauty.

“When would you like to try this?”

“Mmmn, tonight? I mean, we were going to end up spending the night together anyways, right?” it wasn’t so much a question as it was a confirmation of facts.

“Oh?” she hadn’t meant to take a step towards Ryuko but she did. Heels clacking against the granite beneath her feet. “Are you so sure?”

“Well, I was going to try and convince you. Let you know that this dress on you,” and at that point, Ryuko had sidled forward, allowing her to casually slide the tips of her fingers against Satsuki’s side. Gracing the skin-taut fabric of her cerulean evening dress with errant fingertips. “does things to me that are not appropriate for your high-class business gathering.”

“Be good, for the rest of the night,” bending at the hips proved sufficient for Satsuki to bare her ample cleavage for Ryuko to see while placing a languid kiss to her cheek, “and I will give you what you have asked for.”

Anything could be tricky, even for Kiryuin Satsuki, when there were too many things to do at a single moment in time. Like how she’d been attempting to keep up with Ryuko in a fervent make out session all while helping her open the door, hang up their coats and purses, and remove their shoes. Ultimately, she realized after the fact, all of those things should’ve been done post-kissing. Instead, it ended up causing something akin to a trip-shove into Ryuko’s apartment, landing them in an incomprehensible heap on the floor. Still making out.

“Mn- you know-” Satsuki attempted to slur in between the moments Ryuko’s tongue wasn’t buried in her mouth, “-I always imagined your apartment would be filthy.”

“Oy- number one- fuck you-” a stretch of time passed where it seemed Ryuko had seemingly forgot to respond. Too caught up in sliding her hands down to grip Satsuki’s ass roughly in her palms. “Number two- I pride myself on having a clean apartment.”

“Such a contradictory person.” They’d both stopped moving then. Satsuki’s palm sliding the scant distance from where it had been firmly gripping the back of Ryuko’s neck to cupping her cheek. Eyes glossy with desire from both parties until Ryuko snapped from her daze. Physically shaking whatever effect Satsuki had on her off before sliding to a prone position on the floor beside her. Gaze firmly planted on the ceiling above her and hands folded across her chest like a corpse.

“Alright. I’m ready.” Satsuki could barely stifle the snort that escaped her at Ryuko’s serious tone.

“So soon? Are you in a rush?”

“Maybe- uh-” and even if Satsuki’s tone had been teasing, the look Ryuko gave her solidified a sincere air between them, “You’re still cool with it, yea?”

“Mm.” Satsuki nodded her head in consent. “Though if I feel it doesn’t suit me, I have the full right to withdraw from it.”

“Of course. Only what we’re both comfortable with, remember?” Ryuko asked. Reaching out to gently ruffle at Satsuki’s bangs. “You remember the safe word we agreed on?”

“It was senketsu, wasn’t it?”

“Yea. Not that I think we’re honestly gonna need it for this-” and as Satsuki stood from where she’d been lying next to Ryuko on the floor, she made sure to move with the utmost grace. Nearly stalling Ryuko’s thoughts entirely, “but you do have a tendency to take our… time together pretty creatively.”

“Should I take that as a compliment?” Satsuki asked.

“Hey, just be glad I’m one of those people who appreciates creativity in the bedroom.” and as Ryuko’s gaze lingered on Satsuki, she made sure to hike her dress up around her knees. Much to Ryuko’s wide-eyed chagrin. “Are- are you doing that on purpose?” without moving too much from her spot on the floor, she shimmied and tilted her head. Eyes continuing up the length of Satsuki’s calves until her gaze disappeared into the depths of her thighs. “Oh god, you weren’t wearing panties tonight?”

“Dress was too tight for undergarments.”

“But that’s what they make thongs for yea? I mean, shit, even I’m wearing butt floss right now- wait did you say undergarments as in plur- hnngk-!” and at that moment Satsuki decided to stem Ryuko’s torrid flow of words with the sharp point of her heel.

“I was going to take this last shoe off but…” the slightest twist of her ankle elicited a choked response from Ryuko that may have been worrying had Satsuki not spied the raging coil of excitement in her eyes, “I think I want you to take it off. No hands, Matoi.”

Ryuko grinned like a Cheshire cat as soon as Satsuki removed the point from her mouth, “You are so lucky I love your feet. And that I saw you wipe your shoes off on the way in.”

“No talking either, Matoi. Unless I tell you otherwise.”

In spite of her typical belligerent demeanor, Ryuko spoke no more. Instead using the tip of her tongue to circle the swell of Satsuki’s ankle bone. A sensation that had her quaking and struggling to stay balanced on her other foot, all while attempting to remain stoic. Her face set in a stolid and powerful reverie even as Ryuko scrapped the sharp of her teeth over the back of the shoe. Purposefully making sure to nip at the exposed Achilles tendon right above it.

Satsuki was hardly surprised that Ryuko slipped the heel so easily from her foot. Watching as she made a show of haphazardly discarding it with a flourish of her neck from between her teeth. An action that flung the pins that had been holding Ryuko’s hair back at odd trajectories about the room, as well. A sight that, along with the earlier stimulation of her ankle, had left Satsuki with a figurative hot coal between her thighs. Something that left her with a sudden need for recompense on Ryuko’s part.

With a calculated lean she pressed the pad of her foot against Ryuko's cheek. Continuing to apply pressure until her head was skewed to the side. Her face firmly planted into the graphic red and black design of the rug beneath her.

"You know, Ryuko," Satsuki drawled. Her toes curling ever so slightly into the supple flesh beneath them. "I think I quite enjoy the sight of you helpless beneath me."

Ryuko's chest was already heaving with labored gasps for air. A sign that Satsuki had learned during their frequent, and often times taboo, soirées that Ryuko was thoroughly enjoying herself.

"And you know," Satsuki released her weight from Ryuko's face, only to return it in full to the soft spot above her clavicles. Relishing the way Ryuko squirmed and gasped for air but never once moved her hands from where she had trapped them behind her head. An oddly obedient moment, especially for Ryuko. "I think you enjoy this too. Don't you?"

A long moment passed where Ryuko and Satsuki kept their gazes locked. Even as Ryuko swallowed; the swell of it under Satsuki's foot causing goosebumps to rise on her forearms. Something she attempted to hide poorly by crossing her arms in seeming indignation.

"Speak."

"Y-yes, erh-" Ryuko paused momentarily, her eyebrows screwed up in thought before replying, "master?"

Despite how the question broke them both out of the scenario, Satsuki just shook her head in dissent. Feigning disgust at the word.

"Mmm... mistress?" the way Ryuko cooed the word was saccharine to its core. A mocking gesture even as Satsuki's lips curved into a cynical grin. Confirming her pleasure. "Yes, mistress."

"Yes, what?" Satsuki let the words slip from her like webs of silk. Effortless and velvety even as she let the tips of her toes graze down Ryuko's chest. Hooking against the fabric of her dress and pulling it down over the swell of her breasts. Silently thankful that it had managed to drag her strapless bra along with it.

"That I love having you above me..." and at that point Ryuko's words trailed off into a lengthy and vociferous moan as Satsuki took one of her pert nipples between big and fore toe. Managing to roll and tug at it until Ryuko was arching her back to receive more. "I love everything-mn about this, mistress."

"Oh? Is that so?" her toes released Ryuko's captured nipple. Continuing down the length of her body and stopping at random intervals to press into the pliable spots she knew of. Belly button, hips, thighs. The texture and give of which continued to fuel the fervent throb in Satsuki's scorching bud. "How about I make it even better?"

Satsuki didn't need to give her instructions out loud. Merely nodding her head and flicking her wrist to order Ryuko to shimmy around. Her hands moving from behind her head to hike

her dress up around her hips. Only stopping when Satsuki shook her head with a low growl, wordlessly instructing her to leave the lace thong she'd been about to remove.

She toyed with Ryuko at first. Running the edge of her toenail with the slightest of pressure up the back of her thigh. Leaving behind a scarlet line that stretched from her buttocks to the underside of her knee. Satsuki repeated the action, back and forth to each leg until Ryuko was practically mewling out her disdain. Her frantic whimpers barely quelled between tight lips. And the sight of Ryuko coming undone at such mundane actions left Satsuki satisfied at a primal level she'd thought nonexistent in herself.

So with the state Satsuki had already worked Ryuko into, the firm press of her foot against Ryuko's heat sent her into a barrage of cursing and flailing. Satsuki lifted her foot back off as a strict warning and Ryuko instantly stopped. Both hands clamped firmly over her mouth in stunned frustration.

"You're being such a good girl, Ryuko." Satsuki murmured. Pressing and grinding her weight back against Ryuko's sopping core. Her foot rocking along with the undulations of Ryuko's hips. Toes occasionally wriggling against her stiff clitoris when she wasn't rutting uncontrollably against the pad of Satsuki's foot.

"Mn-! Ah! M-mistress! Puh-please-!" something about the desperation in Ryuko's voice nearly caused Satsuki to falter from her character. The brush of her own thighs together proving that her desire had leaked halfway to her knees.

"Come when you please, Matoi."

Nearly as soon as the word 'come' left Satsuki's lips, Ryuko had already spiraled out of control. Her hips raggedly throwing themselves from the ground in a way that Satsuki surmised would be painful if not for the circumstances. And just as soon as Ryuko's behavior began to diminish into a less fevered state, Satsuki had straddled her chest. The hem of her dress pulled up well past her waist with one hand as she reached down to brush some of the sweat from Ryuko's brow with the other.

"It would please your mistress greatly if-" the rest was lost as Satsuki's mind went blank. The situation and their role play thrown to the wayside in favor of Ryuko's whims as she leaned up and pressed her tongue flush against Satsuki's core. The shock to her exposed, and already oversensitive, bud causing her to throw her head back. A slur of profanities slipping from her uninhibited.

With the proficiency of a master, Satsuki swayed her hips in time to the long drawls and random flicks of Ryuko's tongue. Treating it as if she were riding a wild bull, fist jammed full with Ryuko's dark locks in an attempt from being flung from the beast before her release. And it never ceased to amaze her the sensations that damned tongue could drag kicking and screaming from between her thighs. Anything between piercing pleasure that sent splotches flying through her vision to a gut-flipping warmth. Things that Satsuki would attempt to ignore, full-well aware that they harkened an impending release. One that, this time, came like a freight train in twenty-eight seconds flat.

By the time Satsuki's vision had refocused and her limbs were beginning to return to her control, Ryuko had already recovered. Her chest heaving Satsuki's head with every attempt she took at a less labored breath. Satsuki moved slightly when she could, choosing not to move at all when she could feel Ryuko's arms clasped tightly around her shoulders. They laid that way for a while until Satsuki had calmed her throbbing heart, "Everything you were hoping for?"

"I am so fuckin' satisfied." Ryuko drawled, stretching her limbs even as Satsuki snorted in amusement.

"Good to hear. But now we need to talk about a certain 'whatever I wanted' deal." An audible swallow emanated from Ryuko and Satsuki looked up at her to confirm the worry on her face. Instigating it more by grinning devilishly, her hand coming up to clean the lingering wetness from Ryuko's cheeks and nose.

"O-ok. Deal's a deal." Satsuki licked the juice from her fingers, causing Ryuko's cheeks to darken a lovely shade of pink.

"Are you ready?" she asked. Suddenly serious in the wake of their activities.

"Y-yes?"

"I want us to start being a couple. Dating and all it entails." For a moment all Satsuki got for a response was a few well measured blinks.

"I- uh... really?"

Satsuki nodded in reply.

"Oh. Well. Yea, definitely." her eyes brightened up and Satsuki was graced with another one of Ryuko's full-bodied smiles. Heart-stoppingly beautiful. "Of course."

They had already begun to separate from each other. Systematically helping themselves, and each other, from the clothing they'd near ruined during their escapades. "How does breakfast tomorrow sound for a first date, then?"

"Wonderful." the relief in Ryuko's voice was obvious even without the loving peck on the lips she gave to Satsuki. "Race you to the shower?"

Ryuko jumped up from the floor in an attempt to bolt for the bathroom, only for Satsuki to throw out her leg. Tripping Ryuko and causing her to face plant into the floor. Satsuki made sure to step on Ryuko's back as she walked to the bathroom. "Don't run indoors, Matoi. I hear it's dangerous."

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!